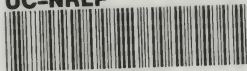


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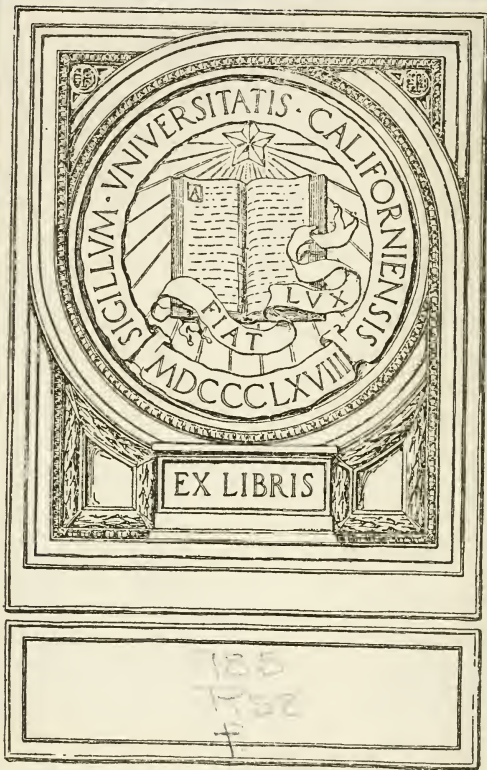
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For
“Just You”

By John Willis Ring





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BOOK OF
MEMORIES

For
"Just You"

For

From

Date





My Flower For "Just You"

Within my heart for you there grows
A fairer flower than rarest rose
Or any blossom we may name,
Unchanged, unfading, just the same
All day and times:--for you, --"Just you."
My lasting Love sincere and true.

“Just You”

Your dear face plain may be
Or exceedingly fair;
I'm content if for me
A sweet smile lingers there;
Be your eyes dim or bright,
'Tis their charm, oh my dear,
That so thrills with delight
When your glances come near.

As the years gently fall
You grow dearer to me,
Yet the You, after all,
Is the You I can't see;
This intangible part
Is forever the same,
More than mind, all of heart,
We say Love is its name.



Always Near

I want you in the morning,
To share the early light,
To train my eager sight.

I need you all the day, dear,
To keep me in the right,
And point me to the height.

I crave your restful presence
At home, with calm delight
And love, when falls the night.

My Wish

Some wish for health and wealth and fame,
For things to hold and strength to do;
All these the same,—a hollow name,—
To me, had I not love and you.

Some wish for length of days, to strive,
To win, to push some hobby through;
While I'm alive and only thrive
Because, my dear, of love and you.

Some wish for heaven when they go,
But I'm sincere and steadfast, too,
To let you know that here below,
I've heaven now with love and you.

So let them wish for what they may,
My wish, I'm sure, I'll never rue;
The best each day comes here to stay
In life and death with love and you.



Love Makes Us Kind

Another day is closing,
Another sun has set;
Some love that we'll remember,
Some folly to forget.

A little rest and sleeping,
And then we'll try again
To sound life's certain keynote,
And lilt a sweeter strain.

Attuned to kinder thinking,
To doing helpful deeds,
We'll leap to willing action,—
For love fills all our needs.

To One I Love

This morn when first I 'woke, sweetheart,
You seemed so real and near to me,
As if in dreams we wandered free,
And waking, lingered, nor would part.

All day a happy thought of you,
Just like some melody divine,
Has surged within this heart of mine,
And made me strong and kind and true.

At night so very near you seem,
I reach with eager hands to touch
The dear one whom I love so much,—
And fall asleep that we may dream.





Love Realized

A smile that nestles near a dimple,
An eye with captivating twinkle,
The rest, you know, is very simple,
When love is new.

A heart (sweetheart), that's in a flutter,
Slow steps in shady ways to putter,
And idle things which lips will utter,
With love's rose hue.

A constancy, a sure defender,
A thought, a glance, a word that's tender,
Of helpfulness a willing lender,—
And love is true.

Someone Cares

I'd never mind the long, long days
So full of toil which, unawares,
Creeps on to me; whose burden weighs
Beyond my strength, and there it stays,—
If I just thought that Someone cares.

I'd brave the nights with little rest,
And say with faith my tardy prayers;
I'd banish dreams which fright, at best,
My sleeping hours, — if in my quest
I'd find and know that Someone cares.

I know full well that 'mong the throng
Someone there is who kindly shares
The hopes which murmur in my song,
And holds Ideals I bear along;
So I shall try, for Someone cares.

When I behold the pictured face
And when the fancied voice declares
An earnest wish to keep me pace,
Then Love will hallow that fair place, —
Because each knows that Someone cares.



Someone, - 'Tis You

Someone within my thought has place,
Along with just a few,
Who adds a most delightful grace:
'Tis you!

Someone, like music, soothes my way,
Brings harmony in lieu
Of trials and discord all the day:
'Tis You!

Someone across the miles, to me
Brings cheer the whole day through,-
Someone with inner sight I see:
'Tis you!

Someone retouched with master hand,
Life's picture, and I view
Hope's vaulting sky, Love's wide-spread land:
'Twas you!

Someone, most welcome in my heart,
Sits near,—my Friend,—and who?
You know for whom 'twas set apart:
Just you!

Someone has told with tender voice,
Love's story, old yet new,—
I whisper, can you hear? "My choice:
'Tis you!"



When Night Drops Down

A busy world, a hopeful view,
A life that's thrilled by constant gain,
Each day made new wherein to do
Our work, then rest and try again
To win Life's crown.

A heart in tune, a smiling face,
A lingering kiss, fond clinging arms,
A soothing grace, the soul's right place,
Sweet home and friends,—these natal charms,—
When night drops down!

You're All in All to Me

How measure all you are to me?

By mountain height or depth of sea?
By endless rolling of the spheres?
By ceaseless passing of the years?
More precious than the rarest gem!
A swelling wave no barque can stem!
So high, so deep, so far, so long,
So rare, my dear. and yet so strong!
You're all in all to me.

All this and more falls short, I'm sure,
Of measuring love that will endure;
Its subtle power, of God a part,
Can be divined but by the heart.
So hoping, trusting all, I give
Each beat of heart by which I live;
And lo! Like music soft and sweet,
You measure back to me each beat.
You're all in all to me.

Thus measured, love, this precious gift
Of each to each, precludes a rift.
The heights and depths we understand,
Love reigns supreme, in sweet command;
Our path is light, our purpose true,
A rhythmic measure running through;
And, Camarade, we're one for aye
When each to each with truth can say,—
You're all in all to me.

My Own.

Little flower a-sleeping,
Breezes gently creeping,
Sunbeam comes a-peeping,-
Flower awakes and grows.

Bird at morn is winging,
Joyously 'tis singing
Cheer to earth a-bringing,-
Each must sing his song.

Heart for comrade pining,
Sparkling eyes a-shining,
Tender arms entwining,-
Love has found its own.

Memory and You

When day is new,
 There clear in view,
My memory brings you.

And all the day,
Along the way,
My memory bears you.

When day is o'er,
Just as before,
My memory holds you.

What need I care!
For everywhere,
My memory keeps you.



Because of You

Because of you, with larger view,
I see a purpose running through
Life's maze. With Love is Wisdom near
To blend and bless with lasting cheer.

Because of you I'm strong to do
The kind and noble deed. Anew
Inspired with usefulness, I go
Alert, the best in life to sow.

Because of you, I can accrue
Life's best with which your path to strew;
I'll grasp ideals I now pursue,—
All this and more because of you.

Love's Season

New life Spring's bringing!
My heart's a-singing
Of happiness, you know.

More welcome comer
Than flower of summer
Is LOVE,—life's zest, I trow.

Dead leaves are falling,
My heart's a-calling,
And rich the autumn glow!

Love, life's a posy,—
In winter rosy,—
All seasons Love can grow.





Soul to Soul

Just yesterday I met you, dear,
And things were all made new,
As like to like we each drew near,
Twin-souls to impulse true.

To-day we meet again. What thrill
Of joy and deep delight
Runs tingling, sensate, to fulfill
The old, old story's plight.

To-day, tomorrow, ever, sweet,
Love blending soul to soul:
Our lonely rays one light complete!
We've reached, dear one, life's goal.

Then My Love May Falter

When the birds fly south no more after nesting,
When the seasons lose their treasure,
When the precious ores all fail in the testing,
When true hearts shall cease love's measure, -
Then my love may falter.

When incline the loftiest mountains lowly,
When the valleys bear no flowers,
When unknown is hope and all that is holy,
When are gone life's potent powers, -
Then my love may falter.

When the waters flow no more to the ocean,
When bright stars forsake their places,
When old earth forgets her triunal motion,
When our God withholds His graces, -
Then my love may falter.



BY

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PRICE 25 CENTS

The Quest For Happiness



A Color Allegory

By

Alice Powell Strong

The Quest For Happiness

A Color Allegory

By Alice Powell Strong.



A YOUTH started out to hunt for Happiness. He garbed himself in Eagerness. Over his shoulder he carried the gun of Desire and his ammunition was Expectations.

At the beginning of his quest he met the God of Illusions who showed to him the picture of a bright red bird. "How beautiful!" exclaimed the youth. "It surely is the picture of what I am seeking; nothing shall satisfy me until I have captured this bird of Love." So he wandered on, and on, catching glimpses occasionally of the flaming bird, but it was always just beyond his range.

As he approached the Valley of Sorrow he picked up a bright red feather dropped from the wing of the Bird of Love. He sat down to rest and ponder upon the fruitlessness of his search, when Experience said to him, "He who finds Love but has ignored Truth can

never find happiness." Then he remembered that in his search for Love he had not even seen the other birds as they hovered near him, so eager had he been to capture Love. "Tell me," he asked Experience, "why did I not capture Love when I searched so diligently for her? All I found was a feather dropped from her wing." "The Love Bird is never captured," said Experience, "it is Universal and belongs to All. He who finds one feather is favored. Go Thou forth again and hunt."

Once more illusion came along and showed him a picture. This time it was Truth, with wings outstretched, and of a deep blue shade, and ignoring all other birds he sought only for Truth, and fared forth into the land of Middle-age. At the end of the wood of Despair he picked up a blue feather. He placed it with the first and found that the bright red had changed to a softer, rosier hue.

This time he met Reality, and said to him, "I have found all of Love and Truth it is given any man to enjoy, yet I have not found Happiness. Canst Thou tell me why?" Reality answered, "Love and Truth are not enough,

they need to be blended with Wisdom." Then he beheld the picture of a large yellow bird.

Again he started out, this time armored with Love and Truth, across the country of Old Age. As he came to the end of the trail he found a yellow feather. Then he sat down to rest.

When the world passed by he saw them not. On his face was the smile of happiness, and in his cap were three pure white feathers.

The Quest

By John Willis Ring.

I SOUGHT for happiness and rest
With crowds that surged in anxious quest;

Alone and eager, sought their balm
Evasive they, in stress or calm.

I thought to ease the lonely pain
Of those who sought, like me, in vain.
When mind and heart combined to
bless,

I found both rest and happiness.

—Federation.





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Range

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